HYMN XXV.

MIRTH.

I.

IF you are merry ſing away,
And touch the organs ſweet;
This is the Lord's triumphant day,
Ye children in the gall'ries gay,
Shout from each goodly ſeat.

It

II.

It ſhall be May to-morrow's morn,
A field then let us run,
And deck us in the blooming thorn,
Soon as the cock begins to warn,
And long before the ſun.

III.

I give the praiſe to Chriſt alone,
My pinks already ſhew;
And my ſtreak'd roſes fully blown,
The ſweetneſs of the Lord make known,
And to his glory grow.

IV.

Ye little prattlers that repair
For cowſlips in the mead,
Of thoſe exulting colts beware,
But blythe ſecurity is there,
Where ſkipping lambkins feed.

With

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